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HER LOT;

How She Was Protected.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY.
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CHAPTER XXVI.

The next day there was a sheriff's sale at the village, an unpretending collection of primitive houses, consisting of a few dwellings, an unfinished church and school-house, and the inevitable blacksmith shop, tavern, grocery, and store.

These had lately been added a cheap, triangular building, of which the basement served as a jail, and the upper part as a court-house; for Morseville was now a county town, and men were blessing themselves with the luxuries of civilization that enabled them to sue and be sued, and thereby deprive their wives and children of a home, according to the law.

Gerard did not attend the sale. For the first day in nearly two years he was sober, or as nearly so as a man could be after having soaked his organism with intoxicants almost continually for more than fifteen years.

He now looked for me to return to the old ways of tenderness that had never before failed him in his hours of greatest humiliation. But there comes a time when even a worm that is trodden upon will turn.

Perhaps I did not do the wisest or humanest thing. Certainly it would have been no worse for me in the end if I had meekly submitted to what seemed my destiny, and thereby made the best of circumstances. But I may ere this have disclaimed the idea of being a paragon more than once through the course of this o'er true tale. If I have, I reiterate the declaration. I am only human, and on the occasion I now refer to I was desperate.

To save my life, I could not again vitalize the old love into action. And as it has never been my practice to do or be sought else than my own honest self with other folks, I scorned to longer act the hypocrite with my husband.

"Gerard, if you had stayed away from the dram shop and kept yourself as sober for the past decade as you are today, we should still own a home!" I said, bitterly.

Then my protector fell upon his knees and cried and begged for mercy, reminding me of a whipped and repentant sinner.

I returned him with my foot. "You loathsome reptile!" I exclaimed, savagely. "For many a year you have gone on in the secured indulgence of your fiendish appetite, while your wife and children have been your helpless victims! You thought, miserable wretch that you are, that I would always remain a fool because I have so long been playing the role of an idiot! You are worse than the midnight assassin! You discount a million highway robbers!"

"Oh, for God's sake, Ethel, spare me!" cried my lord, in abject humility. "I will spare you henceforth as you have spared your wife and children, sir. I shall mete out to you the measure that you have meted out to us. By your wicked indulgence in intoxication you have robbed me, and through me my helpless little ones. I pray Almighty God to strike you dead!"

I know, patient reader, that all this was fearfully and wonderfully wicked. I know I did not demean myself as an orthodox wife. I do not care to attempt anything in extenuation of my fit of frenzy, however, for had I ever in my married years, which covered almost the whole of my life, been treated as an orthodox wife? Was not my lot a sorry example of the protected condition of wifehood, over which so many men in newspapers have so often waxed eloquent?

"Ethel, what do you intend to do now?" asked Gerard, whiningly. "What do you intend to do?" was my prompt response.

It was the first time I had ever nerved myself to ask this question. And right here let me pause in my narrative while I assure the reader that the greatest mistake a wife can make is the determination to often indulged in by the young and ambitious conjugal beginner of voluntarily taking upon herself the task of earning and providing the family's subsistence. Nature has always made the male the food provider, from the bird to the lion, and man is no legitimate exception to the universal rule.

I wish I had begun my married life with a fixed determination to do my duty in my household, and let everything like outside-business take care of itself. By so doing I should have quite likely gone hungry and meagerly clad sometimes, but I could have borne it, had I only thought so, with much better grace when I was young and my children were little than I bore it in the after years when my daughters were verging upon the edge of womanhood, and my own strength had failed because of my long struggle to fill a double position and bear a double curse.

When one of my daughters gets married I say to her, "You are about as-

suming responsibilities that are likely to monopolize your entire time, ambition, and strength. Do not, I beseech you, step without the pale of your legitimate domestic duties to earn a livelihood. The bread winning for your family belongs of right to your husband. If you encroach upon his domain of money-getting, he will correspondingly lean, just as you will lean upon his endeavors, as of right you should, if you depend upon him for the means of subsistence. It is the husband's province to provide the raw material for your family's domestic comfort. See to it that you do not spoil him by furnishing him with the support that nature intended him to supply for you and your children." But it took long years of bitter experience to teach me this.

Let me see. Where was I? Oh, yes; I was telling about my first quarrel. "What do you intend to do now, Gerald Grey?" I cried again, and for the moment I felt like belaying him with my rolling-pin.

"The first thing is to give possession, of course," he answered, with a snuffle. "And where shall we go?" "You must decide, Ethel."

"I won't!" Gerard was astounded. "What is the matter with you today?" he asked, his voice betraying his astonishment.

"Nothing is the matter, sir, except that I have made my last effort!" "What?"

"I am resolved to let you earn the living," I said, condescendingly. "Then, damn me, I'll go again and get drunk!" I resolved to-day that I would reform, and I stayed at home on purpose to keep my pledge; but I find I'm tied to such a shameful vixen that I must drink in self-defense. Remember, Ethel, you have driven me to the wall. It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back!"

With this he started down the street, the picture of self-justified guilt and self-complacent misery.

I did not look for him to return for a week. Indeed, he frequently remained away for a fortnight. I knew he was going to the village to get drunk, but I was glad of the release from his presence that a prolonged spree would bring me.

Good reader, I know that you are shocked; but never mind; so am I. For a while after his departure I sat perfectly apathetic and silent, not caring whether I lived or died. But the clamor of my dependent little ones soon brought me back to all the real miseries of my warped existence.

It was nearing my babies' bed-time; the cows were coming home, and the older girls and I were to do the milking, as usual, and two strangers called while we were in the midst of it, to seek food and lodging for the night.

Very mechanically I performed my tasks, and at a late hour retired to my simple couch in the spirit of calm indifference induced by desperation. For a little while I slept from sheer exhaustion, and then I awoke to ponder over the situation, and found myself in a far different frame of mind from that which had induced me to say such desperate things as I had hurled at my poor husband.

I very well knew that Gerard was the helpless victim of a fell disease that not only attacked his body, but blighted his spirit, and so blurred his natural sense of honor that he really was not morally responsible for his conduct.

"And yet," I asked myself, "what right have I to endure so much degradation and sorrow on his account? Has he not violated the entire spirit and letter of the contract by which he took upon himself the obligation to provide for and protect me?"

I resolved that I would no longer endure my lot. I would rise up in my majesty of selfhood and be my own master. My own half-section, or three hundred and twenty acres of unimproved land, was a legacy with which the first foreshadowing of woman's rights had induced an able Congressman to endow pioneer women, and it lay there, adjoining the half-section upon which our poor improvements lay, under a wise legal provision that prevented its being sold for the husband's debts.

I decided at once that I would remove my household chattels to my own real estate, and set up for myself in a home of which no husband could deprive me. Then, when I was able, I could voluntarily care for Gerard, but I would never be in subjection to him again.

By morning my plans were all matured. Hurriedly getting my breakfast ready, and informing my daughters of my intent, we all set to work diligently to prepare for our removal. I knew we might remain where we were for a season, under the law, before we should be ousted by a writ of ejectment; but I did not care to avail myself of this doubtful benefit.

An old military tent had once been left at our house by a party of pleasure-seekers, and the weather being warm, we resolved to abide in that till we could build a cabin.

We had a rickety wagon and a span of Indian mares for a team, and a half-dozen cows which had not yet, so far as I knew, been pledged for intoxicants. These, with a few farming implements, the whole of which I had purchased from time to time with my own earnings, constituted, in connection with our

few household chattels, our entire possessions. We selected a retired nook in a beautiful little valley, hemmed in by forest trees, and skirted by a gravelly bottom, and there we pitched our tent and began our preparations for the coming fall and winter.

Our neighbors learned the situation and volunteered to help us, so that in a little while we had a comfortable cabin, much better than the one we had left, and a garden, field, and pasture under fence, with the two first ready for the plow.

I was allowed to remove my stock of fall and winter fruits and vegetables from the farm that had been my husband's and to a few weeks we were made surprisingly comfortable. A new hope dawned within me.

To my great relief, Gerald did not come home. I could hear his hoarse almost daily at the village, but our house was so peaceful and pleasant without him, and our children so hopeful and happy, that I felt myself blessed as never before. True, I was not without an aching, constant dread of his return; but I shut the prospect out of my mind as much as possible, and worked with a hearty will at everything my busy hands could find to do.

After a while I learned that my husband had shipped before the mast. I was glad of it.

"Now," thought I, "my girls and I will rest securely for many months to come."

But I soon found that my calculations for quiet and prosperity were wholly without foundation. A man who was a stranger to all of us came one day, bearing a bill of sale entitling him to our horses, harness, wagon, and cows.

"What?" I exclaimed, interrogatively, as I scanned the paper, with my heart fairly choking me. "Sir, you have certainly made a mistake."

"But, alas! it was no mistake, as the sequel proved. For my husband being out of funds at the time of his departure, and feeling constrained to pay certain debts of honor which he had contracted, as was his habit, at the Morseville bar, had sold his personal property to obtain the funds he needed."

"But, sir," I said, excitedly, "this personal property is mine! I earned it all with my own hands, and my husband had no more right to barter or sell it than the veriest stranger in the land."

"I have nothing whatever to do with your rights or wrongs in the matter, madam. I did not deal with you, but with your husband. And it's my humble opinion that women have enough to do to look after their own affairs, without troubling themselves about outside matters that are really beyond their jurisdiction."

"Sir, you are worse than a thief! You are a robber!" I cried, as I trembled from head to foot with a mingled sense of outrage, apprehension, and shame.

"And you are a lady!" was the lofty reply of the legal purchaser of my property, as he turned majestically away to secure the formal possession of his own. His words, or, rather, their intonation, stung me to the quick. I know I am not giving a very agreeable record of myself in this chapter, but I do not care. I am on the witness stand, self-pledged, and of my own volition, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and so I shall fulfill my vow.

I watched the fellow as he proceeded to the pasture to drive up the cattle, and when he came near the bars which afforded entrance to the little barn-yard, I approached him, armed with Gerard's rifle, and dared him to put a finger on my horses at the peril of his life. He was scared, and no wonder.

Ah, me! I only regret that I had not dared to lay the law and gospel of my own defense before my husband in our early married years. It would of course have seemed unwomanly, but I now realize that God gave me combativeness, as he gave it to all women, not to be crushed, but to use in self-protection.

The stranger considered discretion the better part of valor, and went away without his booty; so luckily I was not compelled to shoot him.

The nervous headache that followed this tumult of excitement prostrated me for several days, during which my baby grew ill and died. Poor little life-thwarted wail! Its mother's milk had been so vitiated by hardness, frenzy, and excitement that it became a deadly poison. But how dear it was to me! And how I struggled to restore it to life as it wrestled with the death agony!

In the great Hereafter, when the mighty scroll of human history shall be unrolled and read by the archangel of Wisdom, the death rate among infants will be properly traced to its rightful origin.

Protect the mothers if you would save the children as is true of women as of cattle. But the masses do not know it yet.

Ah, me! (To be continued.)

We should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions if the world could see the motives from which they spring.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a life-time is unrolled.

THE INDIAN WAR OF 1856-6.

Gold having been discovered in the vicinity of Fort Colville in the spring of 1855, the same spirit that prompted thousands to quit home and civilization and brave the perils of a wilderness two thousand miles in width a few years before, aroused hundreds of the pioneers of Oregon and Washington Territories, and impelled them forth into that wild region. The country between Fort Colville and The Dalles at that time was inhabited only by Indians, many of whom were living in the quiet possession of everything that their unexploited nature craved. They owned immense bands of horses and horned cattle, and while the mountains furnished an abundance of game, the streams of water an inexhaustible supply of fish, the hills and valleys yielded spontaneously excellent roots and delicious berries. Here was a perfect Indian Paradise. Here, among the bounties of nature, the "noble red man" could live in perfect consonance with his indolent shiftlessness, and here he would probably have continued to live until the present time unmolested by the jostling "pale-face," only for the discovery of the tempting ore within the limits of this extended domain.

But the white race never could resist the allurements of gold. Nor could the hardy pioneers of this country see why untold wealth should lie buried in the dark chambers of earth anywhere within their reach, even though in seeking it they must traverse the pasturage or hunting-grounds of nomadic red men, or if in the prosecution of their work in gathering it they must disturb the limpid homes of the trout or salmon. Hence, during the summer alluded to, adventurers might be seen pressing toward the gold region by scores and hundreds, generally in companies of a half-dozen or more, but not infrequently single individuals, with a tenacity unaccountable, would brave the dangers of the trip alone, many successfully. But not a few during the summer disappeared forever from the walks of men, no one knowing where or how they met their fate. Some of their bodies were subsequently found, plainly disclosing the fact that they had been slain by Indians. So common did these stealthy murders at length become, especially in the Yakima country, that Governor Stevens dispatched a special agent to the leaders of that tribe to inquire into the matter, and if possible to arrange for the safety of citizens while peacefully passing over that country. This agent's version of his interview with the Yakima potentates will never be known, for he met the fate that those who knew him feared he would—he paid for his temerity with his life. But I have since heard the Indians' account of his visit to their village and of its tragical termination, which may or may not be quite correct.

He arrived at their village late one afternoon, and was met at night by the chief men of the tribe, whom he charged with countenancing, if not instigating, the cowardly killing of his countrymen. This they denied, assuring him that if such murders had been committed in their country, the perpetrators were "young men" whom the rulers could not control, but that they would try such acts in the future, but would endeavor to ascertain who the guilty parties were and severely punish them.

Bolton, however, as they explained, was not satisfied with their explanation nor their promises, but declared with great warmth that the tribe should be responsible for these crimes, and that, if they did not give the murderers up to the United States authorities at once, the army would fall upon them and either exterminate the whole tribe, or leave them stripped of everything, or, as old Sklloo expressed it, "leave them as naked as his fingers." With this threat the agent left them to return alone to The Dalles, a distance of over forty miles. He proceeded to a spring that now bears his name on a mountain overlooking the Yakima Valley. Here he lit his camp-fire in a driving rain-storm, and spent the night after leaving the Indian camp. Early next morning he was sat by his camp-fire, Qualehin, a young chief of the Yakimas, accompanied by two or three other Indians, came galloping up, and asked him if he still intended to execute the threat of vengeance he had pronounced against their tribe the day before. They agreed that the intrepid Bolton betrayed no signs of fear, but emphatically retorted the threats he had imprudently uttered while at the Indian village, notwithstanding he knew that not a single person of his race or color was nearer to him than two score miles, while angry, armed Indians swarmed all around him. At length one of the savages approached him from behind and knocked him senseless with a club, and, dispatching him, left his shockingly mutilated body to be eaten by the wolves.

This is the account of the tragedy as I got it from the Indians themselves, and is probably about correct.

The agent not returning when expected, Major Haller, taking with him about 100 men, proceeded from Fort Dalles to inquire what detained him.

Haller had reached the long zigzag trail leading down to the Yakima Valley, when he saw excited savages in war-

paint galloping about in the valley below. The Major essayed a parley, but from fear, or a desire for war, they would not be approached in a friendly spirit, but responded to his friendly overtures by opening fire upon his excited ranks, and held him on that hillside for forty-eight hours without water for his men or animals. He then retired toward The Dalles, having lost in killed and wounded about one-third of his command, and leaving his howitzer behind.

This engagement was led on the part of the Indians by old Sklloo, a man full six feet in height, and in all respects a fine specimen of the Indian race as I have ever seen.

Upon Haller's return to The Dalles, a requisition was made upon the governors of Oregon and Washington Territories for one thousand volunteers to serve against these Indians. The requisite number was speedily raised in Oregon, the men in most cases furnishing their own arms and equipments. They were regularly sworn into the service of the United States, and promised \$2 per day for their own services and the same amount for their horses.

(To be continued.)

The Influence of a Good Woman.

I sometimes think of a good woman greater than a good man. There are so many avenues to the human heart left open to her gentle approach, which would be instantly barred up at the sound of rougher footsteps, that she may say, thing to a good woman. In her presence pride sleeps or is disarmed. The old child feeling comes back upon the world-weary man, and he wonders why he has exposed the unshut confidence which so lightened his heart; why he goes forth again ashamed that one so feeble is so much mightier; why he could doubt and despair where she can trust and wonder, yet not comprehend.

He who stands in his pride, with his paating soul uncovered in the scorching Sahara of reason, and then complains that no few falls, no showers descend, no buds, blossoms, or fruits cheer him. How can he, who faces with folded arms and defiant attitude, comprehend the twining love-clasp and satisfied heart-robe that come only of love? Thank God, woman is not too proud to take what she so much needs; that she does not want to comprehend the Infinite before she can love; that she does not plant her foot on the neck of the world, but guides him by his hand, and though every footprint be marked with her tears, she does not relax her grasp or let him fall.

Well may her glance, her touch, the rustle of her garments even, have power to soothe or bless; well may the soft touch of such upon brows beget wisdom, and the words she brings be coolness and peace. O woman! with your arms akimbo, leave it to profane Delilahs to hold Sarason by shearing his locks! Be strong and true, and tell her guide tells her why he is leading her by this path instead of that, and though every footprint be marked with her tears, she does not relax her grasp or let him fall.

The world-weary man looks on with wonder, reverencing, yet not comprehending. How can he be comprehended? He who stands in his pride, with his paating soul uncovered in the scorching Sahara of reason, and then complains that no few falls, no showers descend, no buds, blossoms, or fruits cheer him. How can he, who faces with folded arms and defiant attitude, comprehend the twining love-clasp and satisfied heart-robe that come only of love? Thank God, woman is not too proud to take what she so much needs; that she does not want to comprehend the Infinite before she can love; that she does not plant her foot on the neck of the world, but guides him by his hand, and though every footprint be marked with her tears, she does not relax her grasp or let him fall.

Madam Gossip has run riot here as well as elsewhere, and she apparently never suffers for lack of material to work upon. There was a great scandal set afloat some days ago reflecting upon the fair name of a Louisiana Congressman. The report made him guilty of a grave indignity to a lady of high rank at the most fashionable restaurant in the city, where they had gone to dine. The peculiarity of the case was in the full particulars, giving a real dime novel in the most extravagant colors, the heroes being Congressmen, generals, waiters with "friends to the same," while for the heroine a solitary lady sister-in-law of a New York Congressman, beautiful in the extreme, and done up in the most approved style of art. There was to be a duel. The last affairs of the participants were in the course of ripening, and all things were rapidly ripening for a grand finale; then, to everybody's disappointment, it all ended in a flat denial of all the circumstances by all the parties concerned. The injured Congressman is here with the ostensible purpose of ferreting out the perpetrator of this malicious "practical joke," and his wonder as to who the Joker is, is shared by a large population of indignant and curious people. And there is no doubt a little summary vengeance in store if the proper person can be fixed upon.

It will not be out of place perhaps to refer to the Potter investigation committee. It still retains its baptismal name of Potter, though it seems that it has slipped from his grasp into a very medley of ownership, something after the manner of Ginx's baby. Ben Butler took a masterly hold of the battling, but has beaten a retreat, and seems as nicely "bottled up" as when he was a big general at Bermuda Hundred in 1861, and as unable to meet the enemy now as then. Mrs. Jenks has conquered the whole host of committee men, and nothing remains for which seemingly anybody cares a row of pins. The grave and serious charge with which this Congressional arm set out, seem to hinge on its action, have all taken wings. That which remains is but a fan, gridding out each day some new ludicrous scene, an apology for its continued existence, or a political intrigue in the interest of him who would make this his stage. FELIX, Washington, D. C., July 12, 1878.

It is an old and true saying that a man should not marry unless he can support a wife, and, from some examples that I have seen, we are beginning to doubt seriously whether a woman can prudently marry if she can't support a husband.

It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy. How easy is the service of virtue, and how dear do we pay for our vices!

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Happy Washington! At last she has her new government. That which she so long prayed for, scolded and agonized for, and for which she made conversation mournful with tales of injustice and complaints, ceased on last Monday as a dream of hope in the formal installation of the new District commissioners, and to-day we are moving along serene and smiling, without the slightest disposition at fault-finding or discontent, or whatsoever has the slightest tendency to mar the sense of the rich possession. And every one seems to think it a duty and a privilege to feel it as such just now, and leave all the quarreling and dissatisfaction and harsh words for a later day, when the unfolding of the new scheme shall develop real or imagined defects. There is much cause in our changed government for rejoicing, though we concede highest merit to our departed commissioners. They did their best for us, but the laws under which they acted were not broad and liberal enough to admit that improvement of our streets, and in the workings generally of our municipal affairs which the times demand. Now we have much additional legislation, under which the United States contributes its quota, and if we can't better our condition through the sweeping improvements of new men and new blood, financially speaking, we certainly shall be surprised.

The Secret Service Department made a haul of new counterfeit silver coin recently, and accompany the fact with a statement that this branch of the nefarious art is becoming alarming in its magnitude. Any expert with a five dollar outfit is amply equipped for the business. To make the matter worse, so perfect is the work now done, that it is difficult to detect the spurious from the genuine. The sound, appearance, hardness, and acid test are the same, leaving that of weight alone by which to detect them. With this knowledge, there are but few persons who will not cling closer to the imitable money devices of our world-renowned bureau of engraving and printing. Without extravagant expectation, Americans can look forward for a recall at no distant day of all the old issue of national bank notes and greenbacks to be replaced by a series far superior. The new building for printing our money is fast assuming an identity, for active steps are being taken to commence work upon it, as it is the intention of the Secretary of the Treasury to get it ready for occupation at the earliest moment practicable.

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Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrong of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

What Mariah Died Of.

"Wimmen is the most curiousest thing I ever seed. I even the best on 'em, as I make no doubt poor Mariah was," grunted the bereaved husband.

"What did she die of?" I asked. "Wal, if you ask a mind-a-steppin' in a minit, I'll show you mind-a-steppin' in you see that there winder by the chimney? Wal, that's what she died of."

"Died of a winder?" "Yes, ma'am; and if you don't mind a-settin' down a minit, I guess I'll tell you how't was."

"You see, when we first come to live here, nigh on to ten year ago, there wa'n't no winder there, and Mariah she looks around, and sez she, quick as flash, sez she: 'I wish there was a winder on that side of the room,' sez she. Wimmen is alius a-lookin' for a winder, as a sin't there; and the more it ain't there, the more they hanker arter it."

"Wal, Mariah, she began to hanker arter that winder. She couldn't live without that winder. She wanted more light and more fresh air, and it would be so kinder cheerful a-settin' by the stove and a-settin' what was goin' on outside, she said. For it's just like a woman to want to be hot and cold at the same time."

"Wal, she kept a-wishin' and a-talkin' about that there winder till I got kinder tired-a-hearin' on't. So sez I to her, sez I: 'If you want a spell I'll put in that there winder for you, sez I. And I meant to do it, too, sez I, as we'd one to spare, and I am kinder handy like; but we'd been a-livin' here nigh on to seven year without that there winder, and we wa'n't dead yet, and I wa'n't a-wishin' for it, and I wa'n't a-wishin' to rush inter things kinder mad-like."

"But wimmen bain't no faculty for waitin'." Leastways Mariah had'n't. "You see, I'm kinder easy to live with, and that's what spoiled her temper. Mariah alius had her own way more nor what Mariah had. When she wanted aquitin' she'd ask an' ask for it, and she kinder jawed me about it awhile, then she'd go and do it herself. She alius did, and I alius let her, for it ain't my way to contract a woman. And then—wasn't my way, sez I, no easy thing to counter Mariah."

"Wal, one mornin', that was about three weeks ago, she got up awful cross. 'Air you goin' to put in that winder, or air you not?' sez she. 'I wa'n't a-wishin' to rush inter things kinder mad-like. 'Not on sitch a cold day as this,' sez I. 'Yes, sez she, 'it's alius too hot or too cold, or too sultry, or other things, sez she. Which no man could say it's my fault, or my climate ain't reglar. 'Wal, she went on a-talkin' and a-talkin' up things as was past and gone and had nothin' to do with it, as wimmen alius do—it's their way."

"I'll have that winder afore I die," sez she, 'I'll put it in myself,' sez she, kinder sarcastical. 'I'll get yer can't do it,' sez I, kinder mild. 'I bet I can,' sez she; 'I've had to do wus nor this,' sez she."

"Wal, she went on a-talkin, you know, and she wa'n't a-wishin' to be so full enough to hum to suit me, I went down to Jim's place. Jim ain't married, you see, so it's kinder soothin'-like to a man as is."

"It was awful cold day, and the wind a-blowin' like mad, but when I come hum at night what do yer think I found? No supper, nor nothin' ready for me, but I declare for it, if that there old woman wa'n't a-wishin' to be in a crooked and it wa'n't much of a winder, but it was sorter convenient, for all that."

"Wal, I felt kinder provoked at first, but the old woman wa'n't a-wishin' to be in a crooked and it wa'n't much of a winder, but it was sorter convenient, for all that."

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